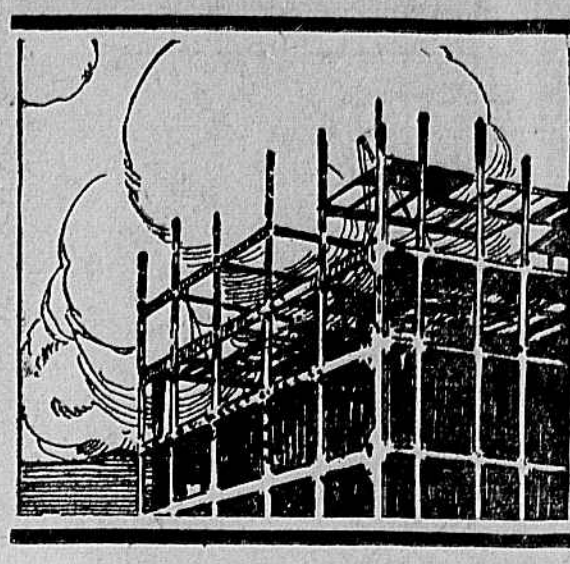


REAL ROMANCES OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

A RUSH ORDER FOR A SKYSCRAPER



BY RICHARD SPILLANE.

Talk to a man of broad experience about sentiment in business and he will scoff at you. Sentiment and business do not mix, he will declare. Sentiment has its place in life and so has business, but their spheres are separate. Like the law, business follows established lines. Every business proposition must be considered on a business basis, as every legal proposition must be considered from a legal basis. This is dogma—the dogma of business and the dogma of law. Maybe it was different in the days when business was more personal, before the advent of gigantic corporations and mammoth trusts, when there was more of the human element and less of the machine in business life. The golden times were the golden times and always will be.

But sentiment and business do mix, despite all the scoffers say. Perhaps the mixing is not so often as to confound the dogmatic, but often enough to cheer those who would view the present and the future through rose-colored glasses. Sentiment never has been crushed out of business and never will be. It plays a part even in the affairs of the mightiest business machine the world ever has known—the United States Steel Corporation—as N. Grumbach, a merchant of Galveston, Texas, can testify.

The principal dry goods establishment of Galveston is that of the Fellman Dry Goods Company, of which L. Fellman is the head and Mr. Grumbach, his son-in-law, is the manager. The great storm of September 8, 1900, upset the Fellman business just as it did every other business in the city. There was a short period of feverish activity following the disaster, given to re-

pairing damaged houses, building new ones to replace some of those destroyed and setting industries going again, but once this work was accomplished there came an inertia that tried the spirits of the people almost as sorely as did the storm itself. It was the reaction. Hundreds of families had left the city, frankly confessing they feared another storm, and would not run the risk by remaining there. Various business houses wound up their affairs or removed to other cities. There were few if any new enterprises to replace those that were lost. Only the railroads looked with favor upon Galveston.

Its deep water, its magnificent wharves and its closeness to the great producing regions of the West and Southwest recommended it to them. They could find no such facilities elsewhere and more and more roads looked to Galveston as an outlet, but this did not mean so much for the growth and prosperity of the city, for they gained entrance to the port over the roads already built. It meant a little added in the way of train crews and freight handlers and clerks and so much more freight, but it did not mean so much to the city as would the building of a factory of good size, or the establishment of a new industry that would bring hundreds of families and distribute tens of hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly in wages. Exports grew, but the general business languished. Through deaths in the storm and the exodus following it the population had been reduced from 36,000 to 25,000. The more those who remained considered the situation the less cheerful it seemed. Property values at \$20,000,000 had been destroyed, and there was not a dollar of insurance. Many men who had faith in the city and who

would have entered heartily into any new business project of worth were crippled financially.

They could do nothing but make the best of the situation. As time passed and prospects did not brighten many of them lost hope. Month followed month with no show of improvement, and year followed year with no dispelling of the gloomy outlook. The people had made a gallant struggle to restore the city to its former standing, but outsiders could not be attracted in any considerable number, and there was little if any growth in the population. Then, at the time of the deepest gloom, a project was launched that meant much for the city. It was proposed to build a great seawall on the Gulf side of Galveston and raise the whole city. This involved the expenditure of a sum great in comparison with the city's resources, and it was an additional burden and a sacrifice because it necessitated the raising of thousands of houses, the filling in of thousands of lots, the making of new streets and avenues and the installation of a new sewer system, but it had to be done or the city would be doomed to stagnate.

Such a big undertaking takes a long time to accomplish. Possibly some of those who joined in the work had doubts as to whether it would restore Galveston in the favor of the outside world. They had some reason to doubt, for they had a long time to wait before they got results, and while they waited the city was none too pleasant to live in. Only those who have dwelt in a city while it has been raised six, eight or ten feet can appreciate the discomforts of such a time.

Surely Galveston had more than its share of trials through the storm, the depression of spirit that followed, and then the hardship of raising the city, but it bore it all bravely. And then one day there came a bit of news that stirred the people as they had not been stirred for years. The Fellman Dry Goods Company was going to build a skyscraper—a big department store, a bigger and handsomer structure than any other city in the Southwest possessed. The tide was turning at last.

Probably if some concern announced to-day that it was going to build a big structure in Galveston it would not attract unusual attention, but all the conditions combined to make the Fellman announcement dramatic. L. Fellman, the head of the company, was a successful and tenacious business man and a confidence of youth. For fifty years he had been a merchant of Texas and nearly all that time he had been in Galveston. He, in his old age, and in a time of doubt and gloom, was going to raise in Galveston a monument to his confidence in the city and to his confidence in the future of the city. No wonder his action stimulated everybody. Men who had been thinking of emigrating in new enterprises decided that the time now was ripe. Men who had become despondent because of the long period of depression began to regain their spirits. Men who hesitated hesitated no longer.

The old establishment of the Fellman company was at Market and Twenty-second Streets. The skyscraper was to be at Post-Office and Twenty-second Streets—just back of the old store, and the alley between was to be bridged so that the old and the new structures practically would be one. Although the skyscraper, if put alongside the colossal structure of Broadway, would look small, it was a skyscraper according to the standards of small cities, for it was to be seven stories high and tower far above any other building in the city.

When the foundation for the building was laid most of the people of the city went to see it. To them it signified far more than just a building. It meant the advent of a new and greater Galveston. They had a pride in it out of all proportion to ordinary constructive work, and they watched its progress with deep interest.

But soon after the foundation was finished there was a halt. The men remained idle a few days and then were laid off. Persons who inquired the reason were told that the material for the superstructure was delayed. How soon work would be resumed was hard to say; maybe in a few days, maybe in a week or two.

The few days passed, and two weeks passed, and still the men remained idle. Every day letters were sent to the North urging the hurrying forward of the material. It was the steel that was tying up the job. The order had been placed with the United States Steel Corporation long before, and the first of the girders and beams should have arrived before the foundations were finished, but the steel company, flooded with business, was doing the best it could, and when it reached the Galveston order would put it through promptly. Further than that no information was forthcoming.

Finding letters unavailing, telegrams were tried, but it was no use. The Galveston order had to take its turn. The people of Galveston looked at the bare foundations and walked sadly away. It was but another disappointment, another dashing of their hopes. May be they felt this disappointment

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

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His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 774 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

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all the more keenly because their spirits had been raised so high. But if their disappointment was keen, it was no more so than that of the men who planned the building. Each day Mr. Fellman and Mr. Grumbach telegraphed to the steel company, alternately urging and pleading for the steel; but it was no use. Telegraphing became simply a waste of money; so they waited and waited. But one day Mr. Grumbach determined he could wait no longer. He left Galveston and went to St. Louis. From St. Louis he went to Pittsburg.

Then he hurried to the office of the United States Steel Corporation. He told him who he was and what brought him to Pittsburg. The men he saw were polite and kindly, but would do nothing for him. They explained that they had orders for many hundreds of thousands of tons of steel, in fact, they showed him such a volume of orders at one time before it was the absolute rule of the corporation that all business should take its turn, orders being filled in accordance with the time of receipt. The Fellman order was far down the list. There were some many tremendously big orders ahead of it—orders that would take a long time to fill. The Fellman order might not be reached for two, three or four months.

Mr. Grumbach thought of the bare foundations at Galveston and of the people who passed them day after day and what they thought and what they felt as they went by.

"Which of your mills has the order for our steel?" he asked.

"The Cambria," was the reply.

"I'll go there and see if I can hurry them up," he declared.

"Go if you wish," was the word he got, "but it is no use. We are doing everything we can to push work, but we simply cannot keep up with our orders."

He went to the Cambria mills and was passed from official to official as he had been in Pittsburg. It was the same story over again. They were gracious and willing to do everything in their power, but they had to get out work in regular order. The whole country was crying for steel, and Mr. Grumbach was only one of dozens and dozens making personal appeals for material that was overdue.

As a last resource he went to the big boss—the head of the great establishment. He had been away when Mr. Grumbach arrived, but had just returned. A big pile of correspondence awaited his attention and he was eager to dispose of it. He was accustomed to listening to appeals for the rushing of orders and listening to them meant the wasting of just so many minutes of his valuable time. Possibly he showed a slight trace of annoyance as Mr. Grumbach began to speak.

"My dear sir," said the big boss, interrupting his caller. "I am sorry, but I can do nothing. It is useless to discuss the matter. We will furnish the New York Subway. We have to get to your order. We can do no more. We have a great order of steel for the New York Subway. We have to get that out of the way before we can touch anything else. We are working night and day and to the utmost limit of our capacity. Go home and be patient. I promise you that just as soon as we reach your order we'll fill it and hurry the stuff to you."

Mr. Grumbach thanked him, but did not rise to go. Instead, he asked the indulgence of the big boss for a few minutes. And in those few minutes he spoke perhaps more fervently than he knew. He told the big boss it was not the steel for just a skyscraper he wanted, but the steel that meant the stiffening of the sturdy backbone of a city that had been sorely tried.

orders. "Rush this Galveston order," he said. "Put it ahead of everything. Yes, ahead of the Subway steel," he repeated to one of the men who in his astonishment, asked if it was to go ahead of the big New York order. "Do the best and the fastest work on it the Cambria company is capable of doing. Give it your personal attention. The better you do this job the more you will please me."

Then the big boss turned to one of the men, the master of transportation, so to speak, of the mill.

"John," he said, "I want this steel rushed to Galveston by fast trains. I want you to see there is no delay. Send a special man with each shipment. Have these men report to you from every division point. Get in touch with the general managers of the various lines and have them do everything they can to help out. If there is any delay, any hitch, report to me at once."

When he finished and turned to speak to Mr. Grumbach his face was glowing. Mr. Grumbach wanted to express his gratitude.

"Don't say a word, Mr. Grumbach," he ordered, "not a word. If the Cambria Steel Company failed to respond to such an appeal it would not be worthy of doing business. Why, man alive, do you realize that you're in Johnstown? Do you realize that we had a flood second only in death and

destruction to that of Galveston? We had disaster, gloom and struggle, but not so much as you. I remember as if but yesterday that one of the first responses to the call for aid for the flood victims came from Galveston. So far as the Cambria Steel Company is concerned, it is going to square accounts with your people, in part at least, right here and now."

Never was an order for steel handled with such expedition as was that Fellman contract. Before the first assignment was out of Johnstown every railroad along the route had knowledge it was under way. John did his work well. The superintendents and train dispatchers and the engineers and conductors did theirs, too. They didn't understand what it all was about, but they had word that the United States Steel Corporation was greatly concerned about those trains. The first assignment went through faster than freight ever went from Pennsylvania to Galveston before. The next made just as good time and the next broke the record. From every division point along the route the big boss got reports of their arrival and departure. To-day if you go to Johnstown you may see a photograph of the building that steel went into, for so far as Johnstown is concerned, that structure is a monument to sentiment in business.

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Answer This Question

When shown positive and reliable proof that a certain remedy had cured numerous cases of female ills, wouldn't any sensible woman conclude that the same remedy would also benefit her if suffering with the same trouble?

Here are two letters which prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Fitchville, Ohio.—"My daughter was all run down, suffered from pains in her side, head and limbs, and could walk but a short distance at a time. She came very near having nervous prostration, had begun to cough a good deal, and seemed melancholy by spells. She tried two doctors but got little help. Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Blood Purifier and Liver Pills she has improved so much that she feels and looks like another girl."—Mrs. C. Cole, Fitchville, Ohio.

Irassburg, Vermont.—"I feel it my duty to say a few words in praise of your medicine. When I began taking it I had been very sick with kidney and bladder troubles and nervous prostration. I am now taking the sixth bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and find myself greatly improved. My friends who call to see me have noticed a great change."—Mrs. A. H. Sanborn, Irassburg, Vermont.

We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to us that these letters are not genuine and truthful—or that either of these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the letters are published without their permission, or that the original letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.

What more proof can any one ask?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

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The telephone enables her to make as many calls as she pleases, and in all sorts of weather.

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